A soft glow envelops you as you mind your own business, lost in thought. The world around you begins to shimmer and warp, the colors of reality bleeding into one another, before exploding into a landscape you've only seen depicted in whimsical cartoons. This is… Heaven, as portrayed in Hazbin Hotel. You feel confusion grip your heart, a panic rising within you, but then something else bubbles up; a warm ticklish sensation spreads from your core, cascading through your limbs. You've never felt anything like this before.

Suddenly, the ground beneath you shifts, transforming into lush clouds that feel both solid and soft, cradling you like a gentle embrace. "What's happening?" you murmur, your voice sounding slightly off, as if it doesn't belong to you anymore.

Your surroundings glow brighter, radiant beams of light filtering through the cottony clouds. You blink, and as you do, your skin begins to shimmer; it turns to an ethereal white. Each exhale brings with it more of that delightful ticklish feeling, as if the very essence of light dances along your skin. You chuckle unexpectedly, a note of surprise and joy as your reflection catches your eye—the red circles blooming on your cheeks make you look absurdly cute, almost cartoonish, yet undeniably beautiful.

As your new angelic form begins to take shape, your eyelids tinged with a gentle blue hue, you realize your heart races not from fear but pure exhilaration. Your thoughts swirl. What's happening? is repeated, almost in a mantra, but the question dissipates like vapor in the breath of a breeze. Within moments, your body shrinks, height diminishing to somewhere around 5.4 feet, your silhouette now slender with vitality—and yet, it feels… perfect.

"This is… nice," you mutter, your voice unexpectedly lifting higher at the end of the sentence, sounding younger than you can remember. More than your human self—a mere phase you seem to be outgrowing. Heavier thoughts of earthly worries are lost to the cascading joy that fills you, each vibration of laughter echoing within.

Your body feels light, almost buoyant. You swat at the glowing aura wrapping around you, a newfound halo that hovers above your head. The ticklish sensation intensifies, spreading from the tips of your fingers to the edges of your brain. You notice that your hands have transformed; where five fingers once resided, now there are four—an aesthetic signature of the heavenly beings around you. "So much... fluffiness!" You can't help but giggle at your own whimsical thoughts, lost in the moment.

Underneath the ticklish comfort, you are aware of your hair swirling against your cheeks, changing from something mundane to a glorious blonde, slicked back except for a single rebellious tuft sticking out. It almost looks as if it radiates the same light that sings within you. You gaze at the sparkling landscape around you.

The clouds dance, glittering gold and blue as they bend under the heavenly light. Joy spirals as your wings burst forth from your back, six feathered marvels as white as fresh snow, intricately edged with a soft yellow glow that feels familiar. They spread magnificently behind you, catching the warmth of the divine air and sending exhilarating shivers across your form.

A new sensation envelops your mind as the memories of a human life erode beneath the rising tide of joy that welcomes you: laughter, songs, your new name rests in the corners of your mind, waiting for you to remember. "I've always been here, in a sense," a whisper tinged with delight emerges from somewhere inside you, as if the realization was always meant to surface.

All thoughts of your previous life feel ever more distant, fogged over by the laughter of enlightenment. "Goodbye, human worries!" you cheer merrily,

embracing your seraphim identity with wide-eyed wonder. Everything you once clung to fades quietly, a whispering dream replaced by these vibrant, iridescent memories belonging to a being that you've eternally been—an angel of light.

In this moment of transformation, your spirit dances above the clouds, merging with the ethereal realm. A breath whispers through you, flowing through the new wings that signal your ascendance. You smile, realization blossoming: you've never been mortal, never existed in the way you feared losing. You are an eternal embodiment of joy, love, and light.

Alongside the fine artistry of this animated sanctuary, your chuckle erupts again, bubbling up from the elation of your true self awakening. "Oh, the fun we shall have!" You can feel it—that delightful ticklish feeling accentuates with every laugh and every breath, pushing you toward your newfound purpose.

As you stretch your wings, soaring into the luminous sky—an existence within heaven where mockery of your previous frailty fades into nothingness—you embrace your destiny. Ageless. Seraphim. At long last, you echo into the luminous expanse, "I was never meant to be anything else!" The light responded, filled with the same chuckling mirth, and you were finally home.